

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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ON TOUR WITH THE CHILDREN'S CARAVAN

Another successful season for a popular television feature

THE Children's Television Caravan returns this week from its tour of Great Britain for a final performance at Wembley before being laid up for the winter. A second summer season has been successfully completed—but not without some anxious moments for producer Peter Newington, and the Caravan company of cast and technicians.

The problem of televising a live, open-air children's show is that no one quite knows what is going to happen next. At one stop, children eager to get a better view climbed on top of the caravan while the programme was on the air. Nobody could do anything about it, except keep an eye on them and hope they would not fall through the canopy on to the stage.

At another seaside resort the crowd was so big that children in front were pushed into the band and one boy put his foot through the big drum. On another occasion two boys were so concerned about the ill-treatment Mr. Crumpet (Clive Dunn) was apparently getting from the resident showman, Jeremy Geidt, that they climbed on the stage to go to his rescue.

HARD FOR THE CAMERAMEN

More than once their slapstick comedy sketches have set a young audience jumping up and down with excitement. This may be encouraging for Jeremy and Mr. Crumpet, but it makes life difficult for the cameramen who are trying to televise what is happening on the stage, and not a barber's view of heads ready for "short, back and sides."

It has therefore been found necessary to rope off an arena for an invited audience limited to 200 children. Attached to the invita-

tion tickets are cards on which the children write their names and addresses for tying to the balloons which are released at the beginning of the programmes.

The balloon race has been a regular feature ever since the TV Caravan first took to the road for the summer of 1956. The child whose balloon travels farthest receives a TV Caravan propelling pencil, and another goes to the sender of the card. Many of the balloons reach the Continent. One attached card was returned from Nice, and another came from the Barrow lightship, the balloon having got caught up in the masts.

FOUND IN FRANCE

The idea of the TV Caravan came from France, where small companies of singers and dancers travel round the country with their props. They stop in a village square, do their show, take a collection, and then pack up and move on to the next village.

Miss Freda Lingstrom saw one of these companies while she was on holiday, and decided she would like to have a similar type of "show caravan" for the BBC children's television service, of which she was then head. After a great deal of time and effort, she finally persuaded the BBC to approve the building of the caravan.

Jeremy Geidt, who had been

playing Shakespearean comedy rôles like Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the Old Vic Company, was appointed resident showman and "barker"—the man who bids the crowds. "Walk up! Walk up!" Elton Hayes, already well-known as the wandering troubadour with his guitar, was an automatic choice.

In its first year the caravan was mainly a novel form of personal link with the children of the various towns from which the programme was being broadcast. This year, however, much more attention has been paid to giving viewers at home an idea of the setting and atmosphere of the place of call. Elton Hayes, for example, has been featured strolling with his guitar against a background of landmarks, and singing a song he has composed about the town.

It seems likely that next year the Children's Caravan may develop into a junior "Down Your Way." Meanwhile, it is interesting to recall that the Television Caravan has already travelled over 4000 miles and entertained 8000 children on the spot and countless others in their homes



Morning romp

Elizabeth King, a Zoo hostess, takes Mandy the Highland calf for his morning run at Whipsnade.

DEEP-DOWN DINNER

Thirty Australian men and women recently showed that it was quite possible to have a good dinner under the sea. These were members of the New South Wales Underwater Research Group, all expert in the use of mask, flippers, and aqualungs.

Their underwater meal was also to attract attention to their exploratory work and to raise funds.

Their dining-table was a flat rock nearly 12 feet under the waves. It was laid with a white tablecloth set with heavy candlesticks, flower bowls and jugs. Food was cooked in an inverted metal drum containing compressed air and compressed coal gas. The bill-of-fare included steak and eggs, fruit and ice-cream, and lemonade. The food and several bottles of "pop" were taken to the seabed in weighted plastic bags.

"It's quite easy to eat under the sea," asserted one of the skin-divers; "but you have to dispense

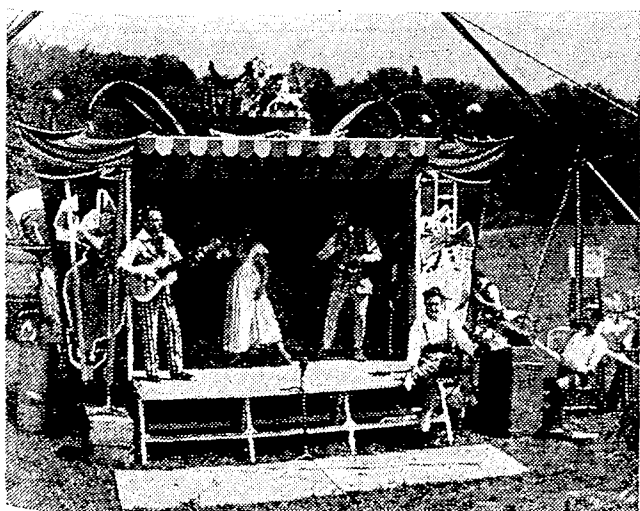
with your aqualung mask while you do it. The food has to be forced into your mouth, and your mouth kept shut while chewing. The 'pop' can be drunk through straws, or by turning the bottle upside-down to let the drink flow down between the lips."

Another thing about eating under the sea is that you do not need a salt cellar.

ROOM WITH A VIEW

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox of Scarborough have a new view from their kitchen window. They found the brickwork of a blank wall next door rather dull, and one day they mentioned it to a visitor from Leeds, Mr. Reg Bilbrough. He is an amateur painter and the idea of a mural was discussed.

On his next visit Mr. Bilbrough brought his paints and brushes. The blank wall is now adorned with a Scottish landscape, measuring about ten feet by five.



A performance on Hampstead Heath, London

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

The vital problem of rising wages and rising costs

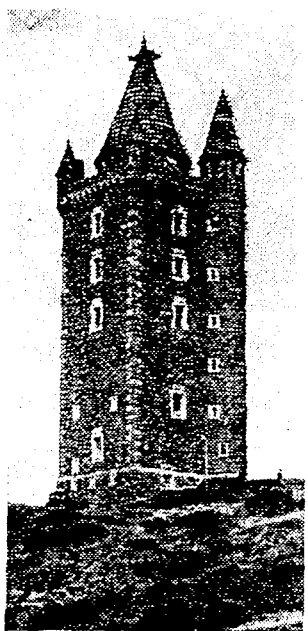
By the CN Political Correspondent

The Trades Union Congress—known best by its three initials, TUC—has existed as an association of trade unions since 1868. Today, with some eight million members, it is one of the most powerful forces in Britain. Because of this, the annual conference or congress usually attracts more public attention than the conferences of the major political parties, which follow. The recent Congress at Blackpool was no exception; and at least one important decision made there affects us all—the decision not to accept what is called “wage restraint.”

WAGES and salaries form the largest item of costs borne by most industries making goods for home consumption and for export. Those goods will cost more if wages go up and the volume of goods produced remains the same, or falls.

If they cost more they will be harder to sell, especially overseas, where foreign manufacturers may be able to sell their goods cheaper than ours. For a nation like the British, with a standard of living dependent on exports, a falling-off in overseas trade could therefore be very serious.

On the other side of the picture,



100 years old

Serabo Tower, the famous landmark in County Down, is 100 years old. Erected by the people of Newtownards, which it overlooks, the 135-foot tower is in memory of the third Marquis of Londonderry, soldier and diplomat.

BRINGING IN THE DOLLARS

More dollars were earned by the tourist industry in Britain last year than in any other way, states the British Travel and Holidays Association. There were more than 270,000 visitors from the United States and altogether they spent 130 million dollars, about £46,000,000. Canadian visitors spent 45 million dollars.

a rise in production more than covering a rise in wages and other costs could make us prosperous indeed.

But the TUC also passed a motion which, if carried into effect, would cut working hours for all who work by hand. The intention is to establish an eight-hour day and a 40-hour week for all.

Here again this could be cheerfully borne by the nation—indeed, we would be the happier for it—if the shorter working week produced the same amount of work and output as the longer one.

SPIRAL OF INFLATION

At present Britain is in a strange situation. Every claim for higher wages adds to the cost of goods and thus leads to further wage claims to cover the rise in the cost of goods. Economists call this the “inflationary spiral.”

The TUC blames Government policy for this. Profits and dividends earned by employers and shareholders are not controlled, says the TUC; therefore, it will not “restrain” its members from demanding higher wages to keep pace with the rising cost of goods.

Obviously, something is wrong and must be put right, for our industrial efficiency is vital to us.

The TUC has no place in the British constitution except in so far as trade union rights and duties are written into Acts of Parliament. But it has a powerful effect on Parliamentary opinion.

TRADE UNION INITIATIVE

It was, in fact, by trade union initiative that the Labour Party came into being in 1900. The executive body—that is, the “Cabinet”—of the TUC is the 35-member General Council. This was set up in 1921 to replace a Parliamentary committee whose main job was to press for trade union reforms through Parliament.

Since then the TUC has played an increasingly important part in industrial affairs.

Most trade unions are affiliated to it. Unions pay an affiliation fee of sixpence a member and send to the annual Congress one delegate for every 5000 members or part thereof.

Several of the unions are also affiliated to the Labour Party. With this and the Co-operative Party, the TUC forms a “triumvirate” called the National Council of Labour through which the three branches of the movement keep in constant touch on policy.

Elizabeth Sings

A slim volume of poems is now appearing in South African bookshops, but no copy of it will ever be autographed.

The authoress—13-year-old Elizabeth de Preez—was born in Cape Town and suffered a crippling attack of polio a week before her first birthday. Though she made a brave recovery, she was struck down again in her fifth year and left bedridden, paralysed, totally deaf, and partly blind. To read at all, she had to hold the book a few inches from her eyes.

But Elizabeth fought back. She eagerly read every fairy tale she could lay her hands on, and when her father came home with a 10-volume encyclopedia she read every single page.

POETRY HER GREAT LOVE

In the next few years she made brave efforts to walk, took exercises for her limbs and—at the age of ten—was fit enough to enter a school for the deaf. She developed a passion for outdoor living, and was keen on horses, but her great love was poetry. Then one of her poems was accepted by a Cape Town journal. So she went on writing little verses for the book that would one day appear bearing her name.

And now the day has come and Maskew Miller, the South African publishers, have printed her poems in a small volume entitled Elizabeth Sings. It will be read by hosts of children and will bring them much joy—and perhaps tears, too.

But Elizabeth herself will never see that slim volume. She died in May, 1953.

MAGIC IN THE AIR

There will be mysterious happenings in Scarborough this week, where the International Brotherhood of Magicians are celebrating their Coming-of-Age at their 21st Annual Convention, from September 18 to 22.

The Brotherhood consists of 8000 conjurers, professionals and amateurs, in countries ranging from Alaska to Tasmania. Some 700 of them from 12 countries are expected at Scarborough, where for four days they will stage shows to mystify their audiences.

There is to be a Children's Playtime show, and a novelty will be a “Magic Battle of Roses,” a contest between the wizards of Lancashire and of Yorkshire.

GOODBYE TO THE VILLAGE PUMP

The once familiar village pumps are used less and less each year. Now one more has gone into retirement, at the Northamptonshire village of Dodford, for mains water has arrived there.

Some of the older people are sorry to lose the pump. “We don't need the mains water,” they say. “It's lovely water in the village well.”

Others, however, say that they have had enough of fetching every drop of water they need in buckets.

News from Everywhere

Royal Navy frogmen are to clear wartime wreckage from the harbour of Benghazi on the Libyan coast of North Africa. An oil pipe line is to be laid there.

Whitby's evening institute now has a football class, with a former professional footballer and F.A. coach as instructor.

One of Brisbane's newest bands has bagpipes with bags of kangaroo skin.

FREE TRAVEL FOR LIFE

A baby born in a tramcar in Warsaw has been presented with a tramcar season ticket for life.

A 12-year-old Bristol girl, Jean Williams, saved a boy's life at a local swimming baths recently. As a reward she has been given a free pass for a year to all Bristol Corporation swimming baths.

Sir Winston Churchill will be pictured in his Garter robes in a stained glass window to be set up in Holy Trinity Church, Exmouth.

Photographs have been taken at an ocean depth of 18,300 feet by scientists aboard the Soviet ship Vityaz off New Guinea.

Thirsty elephants from a drought-stricken region recently walked across the runway at Livingstone Airport to get to the Zambezi River.



Private enterprise

Mrs. Eri Bottomley of Fleetwood, Lancashire, has been making trawl nets for 14 years. She first began in a factory, but now she prefers to work in her mother's backyard.

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Refreshment

A tame otter drinks from a cup offered by Joyce Hampton, the deputy supervisor at the popular Children's Zoo in London's Battersea Park.

Excavations near Thetford, Norfolk, have revealed the remains of a Saxon church.

A tiny insect parasite found in New Guinea is to be scattered in Fiji's banana plantations to fight the scab moth pest.

Scouts have been pulling up weeds to tidy up Whipsnade Zoo's warning landmark to planes—a lion cut into the hillside.

FORTY YEARS ON

The Boys' Brigade have just celebrated the 40th anniversary of the founding of their Junior Reserve, the Life Boys.

A Dorset farmer has advertised for a second-hand radio or radiogram “suitable for entertaining his herd of cows” while they are being milked.

The new St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral at Wellington (New Zealand) is to have fragments of English cathedrals in its fabric. Among these will be a gargoyle from Southwark Cathedral, a piece of Canterbury Cathedral's parapet, and a gilded carving from St. Paul's, London.

Craftsmanship of many countries is displayed at the International Handicrafts and Do It Yourself Exhibition at Earls Court, London (September 19 to 28). A new feature is a junior “do it yourself” section, with demonstrations of ingenious construction kits.

Rolinx

Rolinx
A NAME TO REMEMBER

IN THE HORN POT

Archaeologists at York, probing a site near the Minster in the street called Petergate, have come across the remains of a vat containing several hundred horns and antlers. The lane alongside the site is named Horn Pot Lane.

It is thought that, in about the 13th century, when horn was commonly used for knife handles, drinking cups, buttons, and so on, the shop of a craftsman who made such things stood here and that the "horn pot" was the vat in which the horn was soaked before shaping. The diggers have so far reached Norman level, and the foundations bear clear indications of having been salvaged from earlier Roman buildings.

SHOWING THE SILVER

A collection of historic English silverware valued at £85,000 is to be shown in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, next month, and later at Rome and Geneva by arrangement with the British Council.

Exhibits include a salt cellar lent by the Queen and made in 1742 for Prince Frederick, son of George II, which is in the form of a crab on a shell-encrusted rock. Another impressive piece is a tankard designed in 1675 to commemorate the Plague and Great Fire of London.

There are also bowls and salvers, valuable church plate, table silver and cups, and the collection is believed to be the richest ever to leave the country.

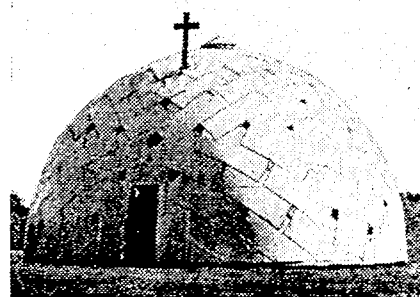
MILK RUN OF 427 MILES

A milk run of 427 miles, perhaps the world's longest, has been established across the central plains of Queensland, Australia.

An enterprising dairy farmer has managed to give western Queenslanders their first full and regular supply of cow's milk since this country was opened up more than 50 years ago.

The first deliveries were made from Rockhampton, on the coast, along the railway line to Longreach in specially refrigerated milk wagons. The pasteurised milk is carried in one-pint bottles at a temperature of 52 degrees and is still fresh when it arrives in Longreach after its 24 hours' journey.

Many of Longreach's 700 children had previously lived on goats' milk and tinned powdered milk.



This is a plydome

This unusual structure, called a plydome, has been designed as a church for use in mission territories. Made of plywood, it can be erected in 30 hours. This one has been put up temporarily in Nebraska, but later it is to be sent to Korea.

STUDYING THE HOMING HABITS OF THE CHAR

The char, a trout-like fish and perhaps the most beautiful inhabitant of Britain's lakes, has been the subject of studies by the Freshwater Biological Association, whose laboratory at Ferry House, Sawrey, is on the shores of Lake Windermere, biggest sheet of fresh water in England.

Char, the biologists have found, have a homing instinct rather like that of their famous relatives the salmon and the trout.

The Association's recent annual report describes how 144 char were caught when spawning in the River Brathay and marked for identification in their tails. They were then taken two or three miles away and released in the lake. When the River Brathay was netted again, 38 of the same char had returned. These were marked once more and released in Windermere, and later four were recovered in the river. It is believed that probably twice as many of the marked char went back to the river, for the nets did not catch all.

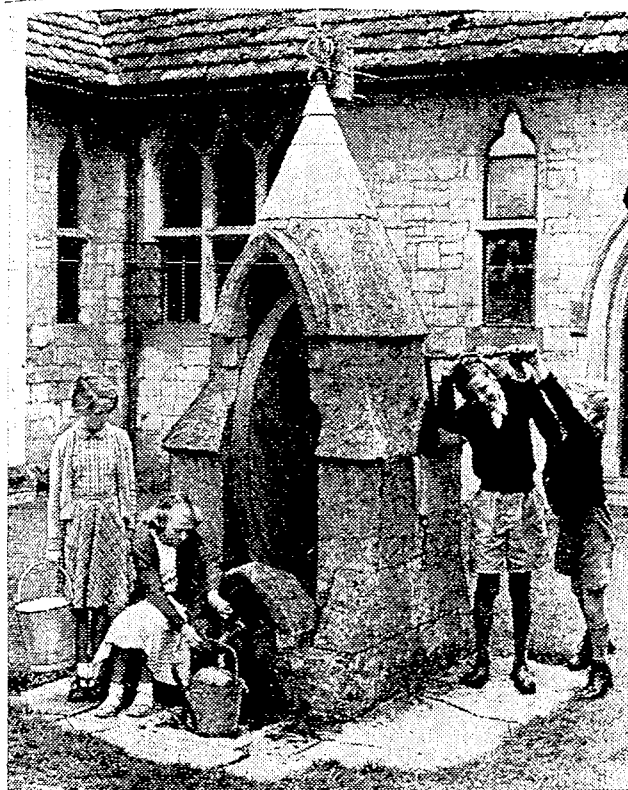
At their biggest, char grow to about fifteen inches and three pounds in weight, and potted char

has long been a delicacy in the Windermere district. The fish are also found in the lakes of Coniston, Crummock, Ennerdale, Haweswater, Buttermere, and Wastwater, and in Llanberis Lake, Wales, where they are known as "torgoch." Abroad, char occur in the deep glacial lakes of Switzerland, Austria, and Bavaria. In America a species of char found in Lake Michigan is known as lake trout.

Char are very beautifully coloured at spawning time, with a brown-green back, orange-vermillion belly, and red fins, while the sides are marked with white and red spots.

REWARD OF ROSES

Members of the committee of Thorncliffe Horticultural Society, near Sheffield, thought of a happy way of paying tribute to County Alderman J. W. Trickett for 20 years' service as secretary. They gave him a silver rosebowl, and then members of the committee filed past, each placing a rose in the bowl.



The old school pump

A quaint old rotary pump in the grounds of the village school at Upton St. Leonards, Gloucestershire. It has been in constant use since 1850, first for drinking water, but now only for watering the garden.

HIS NATIVE TONGUE

An examination paper in Latvian had to be specially set for a Bradford boy as one of the subjects in the General Certificate of Education examination this year. He is Andrew Peteren, who was born in Latvia but left it when so young that he cannot remember the country at all. But he wanted to learn its language—his native tongue—and he passed the exam.

PLEASE ADDRESS CORRECTLY

Speaking to the local Rotary Club the other day, the Head Postmaster of Sheffield said that in 1844 about 14,000 letters were posted in Sheffield every week. By 1874 the number had gone up to 40,000, by 1910 to 875,000, and today was more than two million.

Similar large increases in correspondence have occurred, of course, in all our major towns.

These letters are posted in 500 letter boxes and there are 180 sub-post offices. The city has 3300 streets, and Mr. Young remarked that only about 65 per cent of envelopes bore the postal district as well as the address. He therefore asked his audience to remember three rules: "Write addresses legibly; insert a postal district number where possible; and include in the address the name of the county."

PRIZE FOR HIS FINE MODEL YACHT

John Denny, the 14-year-old schoolboy whose model of the Royal Yacht Britannia was taken to Buckingham Palace earlier this year for the Duke of Edinburgh and his son to see, won a silver cup for it at the Model Engineering Exhibition, a £5 prize and a diploma. He got a further diploma for his new four-masted schooner.

Now this enthusiastic young craftsman is busy with fresh designs for a model Merchant Navy. John hopes to join the real Merchant Navy in a few years' time.

THIS KIND WORLD

When the Trinity House ship Patricia docked recently at Bristol, a party of 37 sailors went to the Dr. Barnardo's Home at Elizabeth Bishop House. There they collected all the toys and equipment that had been broken since their last visit, and took them away to be repaired in their ship's workshop.

This is an annual labour of love for the ship's company of the Patricia, which, incidentally, is the vessel that precedes the Royal Yacht in home waters whenever the Queen leaves or enters the country by sea.



New shoes for the show

Ocean Breeze, owned by Miss Judy Shepherd of Frensham, Surrey, being given special shoes, or plates, in readiness for jumping events at a show in Brighton.

250TH BIRTHDAY FOR TECHNICAL UNIVERSITY

Europe has many technical universities, but the one in Prague is just celebrating its 250th birthday and is by far the senior of all institutions of its kind.

But despite its long history, it is one of the most modern and up-to-date. In one of its hostels alone there are 1500 residents, including 150 foreigners, many of them from the Far and Near East.

ERNEST THOMSON WRITES ABOUT RADIO AND TELEVISION PERSONALITIES AND PROGRAMMES

BBC SCHOOL LESSONS ON TV

THE new term will see the start of a regular schools television service by the BBC, who have been experimenting with it for ten years. Now at last it has taken shape, and beginning on Tuesday (September 24) programmes will be broadcast to schools every afternoon between 2.05 and 2.30 p.m. on five days a week until December 9, the end of the first term.

About a thousand secondary schools in the United Kingdom are expected to take this service regularly, but I suspect that many more will have equipped themselves for it and others will be taking a look at it through the private set of a senior master or mistress.

Schools television is, of course, no novelty. An early pilot experiment was made by the BBC in 1952, when 20 experimental broadcasts were transmitted on a special wavelength to six schools in Middlesex, and the London independent television company, Associated-Rediffusion, have already completed their first term, and are to continue this term at a time not likely to clash with the BBC.

As the BBC have said, no one yet knows the value of television to the work of schools, and the only way to find out is to try it. Moreover, it is admitted by both sides that it will be at least two years before the teacher in the

classroom and the television staffs begin to know its value. In the meantime you, behind your desk, will be the guinea pigs in an exciting experiment.

Miss Enid Love, who has a staff of six, will be in charge of BBC schools television programmes.

I am specially interested, for I was present in a London school

Monday: Telerecorded repeat of Science and Life from the previous Wednesday.

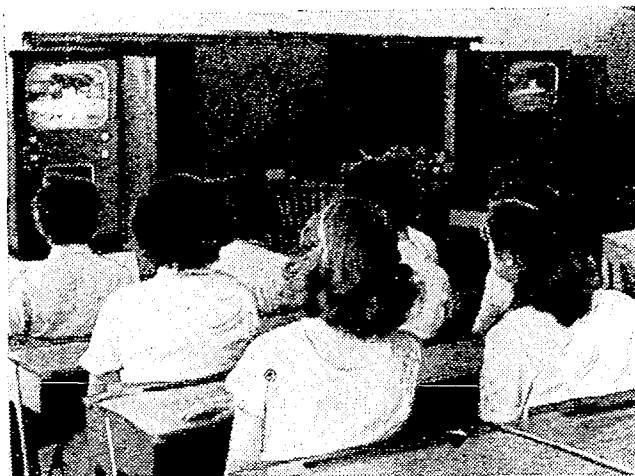
Tuesday: Living in the Commonwealth.

Wednesday: Science and life.

Thursday: Spotlight.

Friday: Young People at Work.

Spotlight is a topical series which will include occasional con-



Television in the classroom

with about 30 girl pupils when independent television put out its first programme. The girls were between 12 and 15 years old, and during the whole programme they sat very still, obviously intrigued.

They were given tests on observation, shown the life of other Londoners around them, and taught something of the history of ballad as well as the developments of science. Afterwards they told me their various reactions.

Some thought they would prefer their lessons from a teacher, and others said that they had no time to ask questions during the programme—these usually come afterwards. But the majority were enthusiastic.

The BBC promise that "a great variety of different things will be tried out." In the meantime the autumn timetable is as follows:



Enid Love

Looking forward

AMONG the BBC's autumn plans for children will be a Sunday serial, *The Silver Sword*, by Ian Serrailier, in six weekly episodes. The story of courage on the part of two Polish refugee children searching for their parents, it starts on November 24.

Vera McKechnie will be back in Studio E on Mondays from September 23 onwards, introducing interesting people and covering a wide range of subjects.

Children's Newsreel will continue on Wednesdays, and on Thursdays Junior Sportsview and Sketch Club will appear on alternate weeks.

On Fridays you will be able to see a special edition of *Faraway Look*, the *Sea and Ships*, with Commander Allan Villiers, Junior Picture Parade, *Treasure Hunt* with Norman Cook, and a special series of *The Sky at Night* with Patrick Moore.

Eve's exit

EVE BURGESS, who in real life is the wife of a journalist living in Hampstead, has left the BBC's *Children's Hour* to start a family. She is well-known to listeners as Eve, the storyteller and producer of many plays, including Aubrey Feist's serials *The Lashwood Inheritance* and *Willikin of the Weald*. She tells me she is sorry to leave. "But," she says, "I can't give my time to a family and carry on—although I may be back later."

She will be heard in the autumn, for she has recorded six stories by Barbara Todd called *The Boy with the Green Thumb*. These are charming tales of a little boy with a magic thumb.

Eve will be replaced by Claire Chovil, an ex-teacher who has been working for the BBC as a European Service studio manager. She will be producing plays and

later tell stories. Miss Chovil lives at Denmark Hill, South London, and was educated at Croydon High School, Roedean (Brighton), and Oxford.



Claire Chovil

THE NEW JIM HAWKINS

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Richard Palmer, one of the busiest young actors in television today, is to play the part of Jim Hawkins, hero of *Treasure Island*, which starts in serial form on BBC Television a week on Sunday (September 29).

This will be his last big part before he settles down to work for his G.C.E. examination next June. Richard, you may remember, played the part of the Boy Jesus in Miss Joy Harrington's excellent production *Jesus of Nazareth*, which was shown in serial form last Easter.

It will be a change for Richard, but one that he is delighted with. He has been rehearsing three hours a day for the part at Ealing studios and on location in Surrey, and studying the rest of the day. The part of Long John Silver will be taken by that salty, down-to-earth character-actor, Bernard Miles, who is soon to open a theatre in the City of London.



Richard Palmer

Richard's hobbies are cycling—he has just completed a holiday tour of Devon. His ambition is to play Shakespearean roles at Stratford-on-Avon when he is 18. He is the son of an Army officer and speaks fluent German.

How many Channels?

Do you know how many channels there are at present operating in ITV?

There are three. The regions of operations are: Channel 8, The Midlands; Channel 9, Lancashire, London; Channel 10, Yorkshire, Scotland, South Wales.

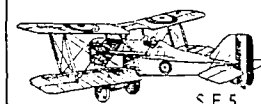
San Francisco Beat

THE first programme—the Dunn Case—of a dramatic new series of crime detection stories can be seen on ITV on Thursday. Each of the stories is based on fact, and the series—called *San Francisco Beat*—is made with the full aid of the San Francisco Police.

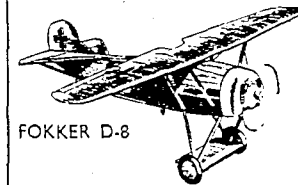
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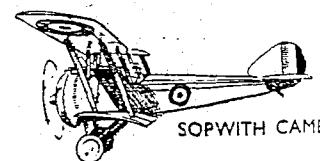
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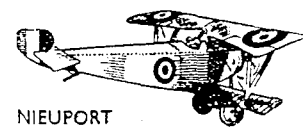


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A beautiful scale-model Lincoln swoops over the heads of spectators at Radlett Aerodrome



Airborne—a competitor launches her model plane

PEOPLE who still think of model planes as simple gliders or fragile toys are in for a surprise should they visit the 1957 All-Britain Model Aircraft Rally, to be held this Sunday at Radlett Aerodrome, Hertfordshire.

The fact that the majority of people do think of model aircraft as toys is hardly surprising. For the majority of people do not see model aircraft in operation; flying them is a sport which must be

carried out in open spaces "far from the madding crowd."

It is just 50 years since the first model-aircraft contest of any importance was held in this country. And in that time, virtually unnoticed by the general public, aeromodelling and flying have grown into one of the world's most popular hobbies. Now there are national and international bodies to decide on rules, records, championships, and so on, and in next year's world championships it is expected that competitors from 20 countries of five continents will take part.

In Britain there are some 500 clubs with over 20,000 members. And at Radlett on Sunday nearly 1000 of these members will be competing in what is the biggest meeting of its kind in the world. No fewer than 24 classes of contests will be held, and the competing models will range from the familiar sail planes or gliders to radio-controlled stunt planes and jet-powered machines.

Broadly speaking,

model aircraft fall into three categories—free-flight, line-controlled, and radio-controlled. By far the most popular type is the free-flying glider. In fact, well over 3000 competitive flights have been made by gliders at the Radlett rally in the past six years—nearly twice as many as all the other classes put together.

The gliders are instantly recognisable, because of their large wings, long and thin fuselage, and small tail plane—features which enable them to take advantage of every air current and to stay in the air possibly for hours.

Rubber-powered models will also be well to the fore, but it is the engine-driven models that will probably attract most attention. Certainly these machines look, and sound, impressive as they soar into the air at a rate of between 2000 and 3000 feet a minute.

RECOVERY TEAMS

They are powered by miniature internal combustion engines (2.5 c.c. is the usual maximum), and in the free-flight section a timing device ensures that the engine will cut out after ten seconds. The contest being judged on total flight time, these planes call for a great skill in construction as well as perfectly tuned engines.

Flights are not timed beyond three minutes, but if more than one competitor achieves a "maximum" a final flight with no time-limit is made. And just in case the automatic timing device should fail, recovery teams on motor-cycles and cars will be stationed round the aerodrome, ready to set off in pursuit of the truant plane.

AERIAL DOG-FIGHTS

"Control-line" machines are regulated by the "pilot" by means of two steel wires attached to a crank in the fuselage and passing to the elevators. By manipulating the wires the pilot is able to make his machine perform almost every aerobatic possible to an ordinary plane.

This leads to one of the most exciting of the Rally events—airial dog-fighting, in which two planes are sent into the air together, each carrying a two-foot streamer attached to its tail. Each owner

tries to sever his opponent's streamer with his own plane's propeller.

If it is speed you are looking for, then the control-line models will also provide it, for these powerful little machines can hurtle round at up to 150 m.p.h. The speeds are judged over a number of laps equivalent to one kilometre, this being the international distance.

DUMMY PILOTS

Last year's world champion, and present holder of three world speed records, is 23-year-old Ray Gibbs, of Ilford, Essex, who was recently awarded the Royal Aero Club's Bronze Medal. His record-breaking machines should provide one of the highlights of Sunday's display.

Team racing is another control-line event which is particularly exciting for the spectator. Not only are these models similar to real machines, they even have dummy pilots in the cockpits. Up to three or four of these models circle at the same time, racing over distances of five or ten miles.

Fuel capacity is limited, and tremendous activity takes place in

the pits as the little planes are landed, refuelled, and sent roaring into the air again. Each pilot wears a different-coloured armband, and the progress of the race can be followed on an indicator board.

RADIO-CONTROLLED

If gliders are the most popular, and engine-driven models the most spectacular, there is little doubt that the greatest advance in aeromodelling is represented by the radio-controlled planes. Containing a tiny receiving set weighing only a few ounces and several midget valves or transistors operated by a torch battery, the models can be manoeuvred by signals from a transmitter so that they can take off unassisted, land within a few feet of a target, and perform all manner of aerobatics.

Seaplanes, jet machines, beautiful scale models that can actually fly—all these and many others will be on show at this "Farnborough-in-Miniature," as the Radlett Rally has been called. Yes, model-aircraft flying has certainly advanced in the past 50 years.

R. B.

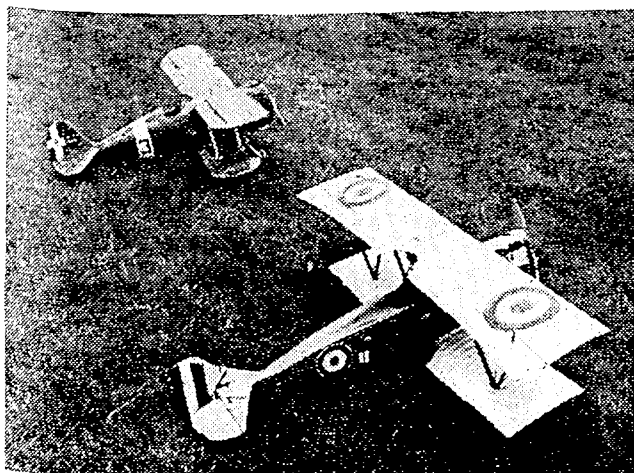
Some of these pictures are reproduced by courtesy of Model Aircraft magazine



Bonus points are awarded if a radio-controlled plane takes off unassisted, but this competitor decided to launch his plane by hand



Ray Gibbs, holder of three world speed records, at work on one of his model planes



First World War fighters reproduced to scale

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars . London . EC4
SEPTEMBER 21 1957

SMILE OF WELCOME

It might be thought that Britain is at a disadvantage in competing for the world's tourist trade. Unlike many countries we cannot guarantee sunshine, and we have many restrictions which travellers find irksome. Nevertheless, we had 1,107,230 overseas visitors last year—nearly 70,000 more than in 1955.

Obviously the tourist trade is extremely important to Britain, and therefore to all of us. And one sure way of increasing it is to make visitors to this country feel welcome, and to help them on every possible occasion.

As the British Travel and Holiday Association states in its annual report: "If, by our welcome and reception, we can win one million new friends for Britain, we will have done more than any advertising campaign to persuade the world of the greatness of our past, the vigour of our present, and the prospects of our future."

To any traveller, a welcoming smile is the best scenery of all.



OUR HOMELAND

The general greets a recruit

SELDOM is a 15-year-old boy joining the Army greeted by a General: but this was the experience of Geoffrey Davey of Yeovil when he enlisted the other day as a junior bandsman in the Somerset Light Infantry.

Geoffrey was "signing on the dotted line" when General Sir George Erskine, G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command, the man who led the "Desert Rats" in North Africa, unexpectedly walked into the room. He was making a tour of recruiting offices.

The latest recruit was somewhat taken aback, but his Boys' Brigade training came to his aid and he sprang to attention like everyone else—drawing himself up to his full height of five feet.

With a smile, the General shook hands with Geoffrey. Then he congratulated him on joining the Army and had a chat with him.

Geoffrey has signed on for nine years and will begin his training at York in the bandsmen's unit of the Light Infantry Brigade.

Think on These Things

JESUS pronounced a blessing upon the pure in heart—those whose motives are not concerned with self, but with God.

To understand what it means to be pure in heart, you must look at Jesus, who gave Himself wholly to the service and welfare of men.

The Christian is to follow this example.

Only too often we find that the motives of even the best of us are mixed. We do some action not first for God's glory, but because we want to obtain the approval and applause of men. We do our work because we want to obtain as much money as we can. Of course, we must work to earn our living, for this is our duty: but the true motive of our work should be God's glory, and therefore the service of others.

The "pure in heart" are those who seek God's glory, and so share in it. O. R. C.

For dancing feet



Nadia Nerina, South African born Prima Ballerina of the Royal Ballet which is now on tour in America. She took about fifty pairs of shoes with her.

Buoyant youth

TESTS carried out in Germany have shown that, after about ten lessons, children only a year old can learn to swim, or at least keep themselves afloat for a short time.

The German Life Saving Society has founded a special swimming school for toddlers at Hamburg in a praiseworthy attempt to lessen the danger of drowning among young folk.

It is a good thing to learn to swim, for exercise as well as safety. And the younger the better. If Junior can transfer his efforts at the crawl from the carpet to the swimming pool he may well be a champion in no time.

JUST A FEW WORDS

HERE is an entertaining way to increase your knowledge of words. Each numbered sentence below is followed by three answers or comments you might make; but, in each case, only one is correct and shows that you have understood the meaning of the word in italics. To answer five or six correctly is very good.

- (Answers are given on page 12)
- The boy is a *prodigy*.
A—Brilliantly talented.
B—A problem child.
C—An utter nuisance.
 - The old lady looks *myopic*.
A—Bad-tempered.
B—Short-sighted.
C—Weak-minded.
 - My brother is *recalcitrant*.
A—A bit backward.
B—Sends his apologies.
C—Rebels against discipline.
 - He was in a state of *oblivion*.
A—Deep despair.
B—Complete unawareness.
C—Great agitation.
 - She is always *ruminating*.
A—Repenting.
B—Grumbling.
C—Meditating.
 - I feel quite *sonnolent*.
A—Cannot keep awake.
B—Inclined to be angry.
C—Plenty of money to spend.

THEY SAY . . .

I REMEMBER when we used to have annual dinners like this in my county.

Sir Leonard Hutton,
at a dinner celebrating
Surrey's championship victory

WE believe that industry, by being tidy and fitting itself into the shape of the land . . . can produce something that is contemporary 20th century and also interesting.

Lecturer at Durham University

CHANNEL swimmers are undoubtedly eccentric, but they are a part of the contemporary English scene.

Commander Gerald Forsberg,
England-to-France record holder

WHAT is required is not a book hand or a set hand, but a fast, legible, utilitarian hand suitable for everyday use.

Scottish report on handwriting

OF course they are relics of colonialism, just as roads, schools, and hospitals in Malaya are relics of British rule. The British have left us a tradition. They have done and can still do this country great good.

Malayan Premier, defending the
plumed hats worn by his Ministers

Thirty Years Ago

From the Children's Newspaper,
September 24, 1927

SOME remarkable tests have just been carried out near Paris in the guiding of aeroplanes by electricity. A man has guided an aeroplane blindfold.

Something of the same kind has been attempted during the last year or two for aeroplanes, a wireless signal being sent out constantly from the ground, and the signal being listened for in the aeroplane. If the aeroplane strays to one side of the wire beneath it the signals are instantly heard loudly in the telephones; as soon as it is steered back over the wire the signals cease to be heard.

An aeroplane was actually guided the other day by a blindfold pilot, who steered his machine simply by listening.

JUST AN IDEA

As the 18th-century French philosopher Bernard de Fontenelle wrote: It is a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much.

Out and About

A WOOD on the outskirts of the small town was growing noticeably lighter some weeks ago; the foliage was getting thinner. The weather since mid-summer has passed from a more-than-average hot and dry spell to a much more-than-average wet spell, and then some rough weather. This meant good harvests for most corn-growers, and poor harvests for most of those with crops like potatoes on heavy soil. As for trees, they began to signal autumn earlier than usual, the result, probably, of this year's spring conditions, as well as recent weather.

FUNGUS ON THE TREES

A few days ago that wood let in more daylight than it normally would before the end of October. And various kinds of fungus seemed unusually big, probably because of the extra light. The yellowish and the grey fungi growing out like bracket shelves from the old tree trunks caught some radiance not only from above but even from the ground. The fallen beech leaves of glowing brown seemed to throw back the daylight, tinged with their warm colour.

Except for an occasional glimpse of a disappearing squirrel, we thought the wood had become curiously quiet. The effect was due to birds moving away—some to migrate, others to start forming winter flocks. But no new ones had yet taken up residence, though the goldfinches whose trilling was heard early this month may return, not in couples but in a flock.

LAST SEEDS OF SUMMER

Some were in the neighbourhood, for as we walked down the slope to allotments and a few orchards near the town several of these prettiest of our finches were flitting from clump to clump of old nettles, as if seeking the last seeds of summer. Not that food is scarce in the neighbourhood, but, like human beings, birds also have their fancies.

On a market-gardener's allotment next to an orchard we saw three willow wrens. One of them had probably fed well on insects, so, perched on a fence, he warbled his little song for us. (The willow wren is also called the willow warbler.) Most of the willow warblers, and that rather similar warbler called the chiffchaff, had moved on, for they were preparing to emigrate until next spring.

BLACKBERRY MEAL

So here were two more reasons for the wood getting quiet, as it had been the summer home of these birds, as well as others like the garden warbler, which likes berries as well as insects. Before departing a week or two ago it must have made some good meals of blackberries which had put forth a plentiful crop on the old common we had passed.

C. D. D.

DAYS IN THE HUT COUNTRY

POND-HUNTING EXPEDITION

WE had just finished lunch and were sitting in the sunshine on Rocky Mound when Iain asked: "Hut Man, is there anything we still haven't done in Hut Country?"

"Well, I think we've yet to go exploring without your getting your feet wet," I replied, for slipping into burn or pond had become an almost unfeeling habit with Iain, "but perhaps that wasn't what you had in mind?"

He said, "Och, Hut Man, you know what I mean, now! We've watched ever so many animals, and we've listened to birds' voices . . . and kept ants . . ."

"And reared caterpillars," added his twin sister, Betty, who had just joined us after volunteering to do the washing-up, "and of course we've learned to name-lots of plants!"

"So is there anything we still haven't done?" Iain asked again.

"Plenty!" I replied. "For instance, limnology."

"What's that?" he asked; and Betty guessed. "Oh, it's the . . . the study of something, isn't it? Like ornithology being the study

home the catch. Will you take them, Iain?"

"Oh, please, one each!" pleaded Betty.

"Right," I agreed, "and here's a net each, too! This little light one for you, Betty, and this heavier one for Iain . . . and I'll take a few of these small glass tubes in my pocket."

"What on earth do you catch with this?" said Iain as he examined the strong net I had given him.

"You're right," I replied, "it's earth I do catch with it, Iain; but wet earth . . . mud. That's what's known as a bottom-net, used to bring up mud from the bottom of the pond."

MUD DWELLERS

"But what do you want mud for?" Betty wanted to know.

"It's not the mud I want," I explained, "but you can't lift one netful of mud without taking ever so many little mud-dwelling creatures along with it. We'll heave one netful into one of the carrying jars and examine it when we return."

"My net's much neater," said Betty, "but instead of the wee bag of the net finishing in a point it opens into a little glass tube! What's that for?"

"Oh, look here, twins," I replied, "we'll never get any pond-hunting done today if we spend all the time explaining things here. Come on, let's hurry to Round Pond, and then I'll demonstrate how your very special net is used, Betty."

THE LITTLE BAY

So down the field-path we went, and across the small meadow to where the burn widens into Vole Creek as it enters Round Pond. There is a little bay among iris leaves where the pond bottom is muddy but with ever so many interesting mosses and other submerged plants growing up through the clear water. This, of all Hut Country corners, is the place for the hundreds of minute forms of animal life that scientists call "aquatic arthropods"—water creepy-crawlies.

"There are ever so many tiny wee things darting about through the water!" exclaimed Iain.

"How do we go about catching them?"

WEE DARTING THINGS

"This is where we use Betty's net," I said, and proceeded to pass it backwards and forwards through the water, the small muslin bag of the net filling out, and the little glass tube glistening at its tip. Then, lifting the net from the pond, I held it up so that the small glass tube hung from the net's pointed muslin bag.

"Ooh!" Betty exclaimed, "so that's what the wee tube's for! Of course, Iain, see . . . all the little things caught in the net have gone right down into it!"

"My, it didn't take long to catch that haul, Hut Man!" said her brother. "But what on earth are those wee darting things?"

"These are among the commonest of the tiny water-dwellers in this part of Round Pond," I replied. "They're called Water Boatmen."

"It's a great name for them!" exclaimed Iain. "They look just like wee rowing-boats, each with a pair of oars going like mad at each side! But what are Water Boatmen? Water beetles?"

"No, Water Boatmen belong to the small creatures known as bugs; they're Water Bugs."

"But look, look Iain!" said Betty excitedly. "Every one of them's got a lovely silvery spot at its tail . . . like a wee glass, shiny bulb! What's that, Hut Man?"

"An air-bubble, Betty," I replied. "Water Boatmen, like many other small water-dwellers, are really air-breathers, and they carry about a private air supply . . . Ho, but see that one!" I pointed to where one of the active rowers had floated to the surface of the water in the tube and was hanging upside-down. "It's collecting its new air supply," I continued, "and once it has . . . but before I could finish the Boatman had left the surface and was once more rowing energetically among its fellows, with a brand new bubble glistening at its tail."

CONVERTED

Well, that single catch was enough to convert the twins into enthusiastic limnologists. Time and again the little net was swept through the water, and every time there was some new capture to be emptied from the little tube into one of the carrying jars. Other Boatmen were caught, and Water Beetles, with a host of different smaller life . . . tiny jerking daphnia by the thousands, beautiful red Water Mites that sailed through the water like tiny coloured balls, wriggling minute pink worms (really midge larvae) that formed and reformed themselves into twisting S-shapes.

IDENTIFICATION

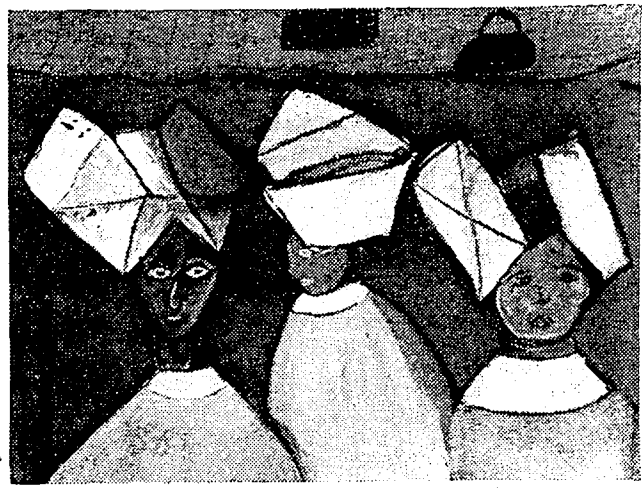
Iain, kneeling on the bank and gazing down into our carrying jar, exclaimed: "We've caught thousands of teeny wee creatures, Hut Man! But how on earth can we tell all their names? It's not much fun catching things and not knowing what they are!"

"That's very true, Iain," I replied, "but naming these wee creepy-crawlies isn't half as difficult as many people think. We'll do it when we get back to the Hut and have emptied our catch into a white-enamelled tray."

"But remember this: if your creepy-crawly has six legs it's certainly an insect; if it has eight legs it's one of the spider group; and if it has two pairs of feelers on its head it belongs to the group we call Crustacea—the group that contains crabs, lobsters, and so on. I think we'll find that almost everything we've got in this jar belongs to one or other of these groups!"

"Great!" said Iain. "Come on, let's go back to the Hut and get cracking at naming our catch!"

YOUTHFUL ART



Three Nuns in a Railway Carriage, by Rozina Bhatia, aged 15 (Petworth)



The Family, by Pauline Blackstone, aged 10 (Scarborough)

These three pictures are on view in this year's National Exhibition of Children's Art, the tenth of these fascinating touring displays organised by the Sunday Pictorial. Nearly 40,000 paintings and drawings were sent in, and 336 of them are on view at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, until September 30.

All the pictures will afterwards go on tour; they are to be shown at Plymouth from October 16 to November 16; at Bristol from November 29 to January 4, 1958, at Birkenhead from January 18 to February 15; at Glasgow from March 6 to 30; and at Leeds from April 13 to May 18.



Self portrait, by Trevor Hundleby, aged 6 (Great Munden, Herts.)

DEEPEST GOLD MINE

Work has begun on what is to be South Africa's deepest gold mine, nearly two-and-a-half miles below the surface. Some 50 miles west of Johannesburg, it lies below 12,500 feet of rock, through which diamond drills are now slowly boring their way controlled by more than 200 men.

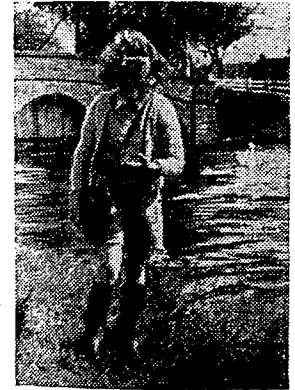
The mine-sinking operations will last about six years, and will cost over £20,000,000 before the first gold is brought to the surface, but it is estimated that the mine

will produce gold worth about £800,000,000 at present prices.

One of the difficulties that will be encountered when the mine has reached its full depth will be the great heat two miles underground—probably more than 120 degrees. To make working conditions possible, large refrigeration systems will be installed.

Western Deep Levels, nicknamed Wuddles, is doubtless destined to play an important part in South Africa's gold trade.

Lucky dip



Judith Pell of Birmingham, examining an interesting find she has just made while collecting specimens of freshwater creatures. Like Iain and Betty in the article, Judith Pell has become a keen limnologist.

of birds . . . and . . . and entomology being the study of insects!"

"Yes, it's just like these," I explained, "though it's not nearly so commonly used. Limnology is the study of fresh-water creatures."

"Like fish?" Iain asked.

"Well, the study of fish alone is known as ichthyology," I said. "Limnology takes in ever so many other creatures . . . water-beetles and other insects, water-snails, and so on."

I never mention any new activity of the countryside but there is a duet of, "Oh, could we do that now?" from the twins. So we went round to the small shed where I keep my Nature Study tackle.

Iain said: "What do we need for—er—lim— . . . lim— . . ."

"Limnology," I finished for him. "Well, first of all these two big earthenware jars with string handles; these are for carrying

IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK—SEPTEMBER 21, 1854

ALLIED VICTORY- AT THE ALMA

ALMA. Crimea—The Allied forces of Britain, France, and Turkey have defeated the Tsar of Russia's army in the first battle of the campaign in the Crimea.

Lord Raglan, 66-year-old commander of the British army which landed on the Peninsula from the Black Sea a few days ago, has now called for an immediate advance on Sebastopol in the hope that this might bring the war to a swift end. But the French command is uneasy about the suggestion, and today the Allies are strengthening their position just beyond the River Alma.

On September 19, when supplies and ammunition had been landed, Lord Raglan, who lost an arm at Waterloo 29 years ago, ordered his men to advance into the Peninsula. The men marched under a burning sun over parched and featureless country, without trees or shrubs. All livestock had been driven off by the Cossacks. That evening they settled down for the night on a large plain. In the distance they could see the Russians in position on the grim heights beyond the Alma.

SCALING THE CLIFFS

The light of dawn yesterday morning revealed that the Russians, under General Menshikov, had fortified the heights. Lord Raglan ordered an attack. At 11.30 a.m. a French division crossed the River Alma, and the Zouaves—the courageous Franco-Moorish troops—scaled the cliffs. Meanwhile the British lines attacked, supported on their flank by fire from warships. Facing a tremendous barrage of shells from the enemy positions, they charged into the Alma and struggled through. On the other side of the river Russian infantry crouched in the vineyards, firing

into the advancing men. Three of Lord Raglan's staff were struck down around him, but the commander took over and led the advance himself, cheering on his troops and riding over a bridge fording the river, past skirmishers, and on to a knoll well within the Russian position. Again and again the British were checked, but they never stopped their determined advance. Up the steep slopes they went, constantly shelled and fired on by the Russians above them.

ATTACKING THE BATTERIES

The Guards and the Highland Brigade stormed the heights, their lines as regular as on the parade ground. Masses of Russian infantry now marched to support their batteries. The attack on the Russian batteries was the most stirring action in the battle. Sir Colin Campbell, commander of the Highlanders, called to his men to act "so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet! Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!"

The Highlanders charged, Sir Colin's horse was shot under him, but he sprang up at once and rushed to the head of his men shouting: "We'll hae naen but Highland bonnets here!" But the Guards kept abreast and captured a cannon. They had attacked the right of the battery as the Highlanders reached the left.

More British infantry scaled the heights and the Russians fell back, leaving three generals and 700 prisoners behind. Nearly 8000 of the Tsar's troops were killed. Allied losses are 619 killed and 2860 wounded.

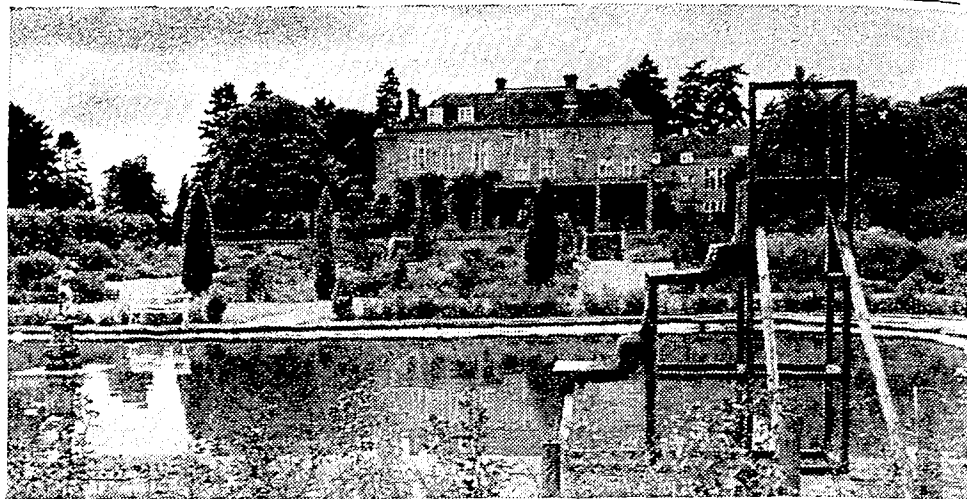
Lord Raglan, who served at all the battles of the Duke of Well-

ington's Peninsular campaign, is the husband of Emily Harriett, the Duke's niece. He was created Baron Raglan of Raglan, Monmouthshire, in 1852—a month after Wellington's death—and in the spring of 1854, when Britain and France declared war on Russia, was chosen to command the British troops sent to the east.

(By the time the French had been persuaded to advance on Sebastopol, the Russians had so strongly fortified the city that the chance of bringing the Crimean War to a quick end was lost. Raglan, who was later accused of failure to carry out his duty as a general, died before Sebastopol in 1855.)

Indians on the Warpath

ST. LOUIS—The Sioux Indians are on the warpath again. Recently, after a Sioux warrior had stolen an ox from an emigrant, the Sioux chief offered to deliver the thief to the Commander of the fort. A party of three officers and 20 soldiers and an interpreter set out for the Sioux camp. The entire party were massacred and now the fort is surrounded by Indians. Reinforcements have set out to help the garrison.



PRINCE CHARLES'S NEW SCHOOL

A view of Cheam School (at Headley, Hampshire), at which Prince Charles will be a boarder from the beginning of the new term, next Monday.

Prince Charles will have as his form mistress a Somerset woman.

Miss Margaret Cowlinshaw, of Taunton.

She was a pupil at Bishop Fox's School, Taunton, and in 1940 went to the University College at Exeter (now Exeter University), gaining the Froebel teaching diploma.

SECRETS OF SEMERWATER

Many thousands of school-children know Sir William Watson's *Ballad of Semerwater*, with its story of a beggar, a rich but inhospitable city and a sudden terrible flood which covered all but the cottage of an old couple who had been kind to the beggar.

Members of the Leeds Underwater Swimming Club have been re-reading the poem and finding out all they can about Semerwater, Yorkshire's chief lake, which lies in Wensleydale, near Bainbridge. If the preliminary research proves interesting the club may take equipment to the lake with the object of exploring its bed thoroughly.

Semerwater covers between 80 and 90 acres, and is about 45 feet deep. It is a very placid lake, being sheltered on all sides.

Discoveries here included the bones of ancient animals and Roman pottery. There was a Roman fort at nearby Bainbridge. Far more exciting, however, was the discovery that lake dwellings existed some 5000 years ago, but they cannot have been quite as splendid as the city portrayed in the famous poem. If there was a sudden disaster by flood in early times, the story has grown more fanciful as the centuries have passed.

The overflow from Semerwater is called the River Bain, and it is the shortest river in England, rippling downhill for only three miles before it joins the Ure, the river of Wensleydale.

The only residents of Semerwater today are fine trout, and they live in a city of weed.

THE WHITE COMPANY—new picture-version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stirring yarn (2)

In 1366 Alleyne Edricson, who had been brought up by the monks of Beaulieu Abbey, was on his way to the home of his elder brother, the Socman of Minstead, whom he

had never seen. At an inn he met burly Hordle John, who had been turned out of the Abbey for a trifling offence. Later an old soldier, Sam Aylward, entered. He was going

to Christchurch with a letter asking Sir Nigel Loring to return as commander of the White Company, a band of mercenary soldiers in France.



Sam persuaded Hordle John to join the White Company. Alleyne, though a quiet studious youth, would have liked to join too, but he was obliged to seek his elder brother, his only relative. In the New Forest he parted sadly from his two jovial companions and turned his steps towards his ancestral home with many misgivings. For the Socman was a man of evil reputation in the countryside.

As he approached the house he heard voices, and peeping through the bushes he saw a well-dressed man holding a comely young lady by her wrist. The girl's cries and struggles roused Alleyne's chivalrous instincts, and he ran forward to protect her. "Stand off my land," the man ordered him. "What have you to do here?" In surprise Alleyne replied: "Then you are the Socman of Minstead!"

Alleyne revealed who he was, but his brother dashed aside his proffered hand. Calling him a rat, he said that land had been squeezed out of their father by greedy priests to pay for the lad's upbringing in the cloisters. "You rob me first," he stormed, "and now you come preaching and whining, in search mayhap of another field or two for your priestly friends. Knave! Stand out of my path!"

Again he seized the girl's wrist and she appealed to Alleyne for help. He raised his iron-shod staff. "Brother or no," he declared, "I swear by my hopes of salvation that I will break your arm if you do not leave hold of the maid." The Socman was unarmed. He looked round for a stick or a stone and seeing none, released the young woman and strode towards his house, saying he would set his dogs on Alleyne.

This is a strange "welcome home" for Alleyne. What can he do now? See next week's instalment

An exciting new adventure aboard the Mirelda

NO CLUES FOR THE CONWAYS

by Geoffrey Morgan

Jerry Conway and his Canadian cousin, Jane, are crewing for their friend Skipper Amos, owner of the sailing barge Mirelda. Off the Norfolk coast they sight a derelict yacht and Amos changes course to investigate. The yacht is the Windfall and Amos thinks she is owned by Brett Hallam, a young adventurer he suspects of smuggling. Windfall appears to be deserted, and Amos decides to board her in the hope of solving the mystery.

2. Investigation

THE Mirelda completed her circle round the drifting yacht before Amos reduced sail and began keeping pace with the truant less than a cable's length away. Jane took the wheel and Amos brought the Mirelda's dinghy alongside. Jerry moved to his side.

"Who's going, skipper?" he asked, trying to disguise the eager excitement in his voice.

Amos glanced across at the silent yacht. He had no wish to leave Jerry and Jane alone on the barge while she was under way. At the same time he was reluctant to let Jerry board Windfall, for he could not guess what the youngster might find there. Although

he felt that the yacht was deserted, he conjured up all kinds of alarming prospects awaiting a boarding party. He looked gravely into Jerry's intense face.

"The skipper shouldn't leave his ship at sea, Amos," Jerry said meaningfully, and there was just the shadow of a grin on his lips. "He always sends the mate."

"You don't know what you're going to find. It might be unpleasant," Amos said quietly.

"You're not far away if I want help," Jerry returned, undaunted.

Boarding the Windfall

"Say, what's going on?" Jane sang out from the wheel. "We'll never know what the trouble is if someone doesn't soon make a move."

"You stick to your course," Jerry told her, and turned his attention to Amos. "Well?"

Amos knocked out his pipe and stuffed it inside his canvas smock.

"All right, Mister Mate, you take the boat. Report as soon as you get aboard."

"Aye, aye, skipper." And Jerry sprang promptly over the rail and into the dinghy.

He took long even strokes at the oars, throwing all his weight into the job. With every pull his excitement mounted. Like Amos, Jerry's imagination boggled with wild, fantastic pictures of what awaited him in the cabin and when he eventually brought the dinghy alongside his hands were trembling as he grabbed the rail. Taking the dinghy's painter, he clambered to the deck of the yacht, hitching the rope round a cleat. Then, with one brief wave to the watchers on the barge, he stepped down into the cockpit. Immediately his attention was drawn to the open companion and the saloon. The cabin was empty.



Jerry handed over the papers

He pushed back the hatch and made a closer inspection. But no one was there. No bodies. No signs of alarm. Nothing to suggest there had been trouble of any kind. Everything was tidy. There was no resemblance below to the shambles on deck. Not even a bunk cushion was dishevelled. It was difficult to believe that the yacht had been caught unawares in the kind of storm the scene on deck suggested.

Jerry went down the short companion-ladder, through the saloon and into the small fore-cabin and fore-cabin. Nothing was there except a single berth, the chain locker, and the sail bin. Nothing to suggest why the yacht had been abandoned.

Returning quickly to the deck, he shouted the news to Amos and Jane that the Windfall was deserted. Then he went forward to stow the sails while Amos brought the Mirelda closer. By the time Jerry had got the boom into its crutch and had looped a couple of tiers around the loosely furled mainsail, the Mirelda was near enough for Amos to throw him a line.

"Just hitch up so we don't drift

apart," Amos called. "You can then go ahead and search the cabin. Did you notice if she's registered?"

"There's a number on her main beam, but I didn't stop to look at it just now," Jerry called back, looping the rope round the windlass.

Amos nodded. "You should find her papers below. They'll confirm the ownership."

"Just going to look," Jerry agreed. "Thought I'd better get things a bit shipshape up here."

With the Mirelda and Windfall linked and moving gently together, and the first anxious moments of the search safely over, Jerry felt he could examine the cabin more leisurely.

In the cabin

He realised that Windfall was not more than two or three years old despite the derelict impression the loose, slovenly gear had given at first sight. He remembered seeing her lines in the yachting press when the first boat of her type was built. And he had encountered one or two of her class afloat since then. She was a shallow-draught motor-sailer, equally at home under sail or power.

He looked round the cabin carefully. There was a neat galley to port with a two-burner stove. There were shelves above and a drawer and lockers below. Next was a small sink with a pump-type tap above it and draining-board at the side. Opposite, to starboard, was a quarter berth with a folding chart table over it. On the main beam was carved the yacht's registered number and nett registered tonnage. Jerry memorised the number and went forward past the berths either side of the folding table to what he decided was the chart locker. He pulled out the first shallow drawer, and the ship's papers were revealed.

Charts of British waters

Amos was right. On the certificate of registry was the owner's name—Brett Lancing Hallam. He stuffed the papers in his pocket and glanced quickly at the charts in the top drawer. There were two, both of the Thames Estuary. He opened the three remaining drawers. All the charts they contained covered British waters, mainly the south-east and Channel coasts. There were no deep sea or foreign charts at all. It looked as if Hallam had not been returning from a foreign country when trouble of some sort had befallen him. Yet Amos seemed to think that the yachtsman frequently sailed abroad.

Jerry rummaged through the other lockers and drawers in the

cabin, but no other charts came to light. It seemed jolly queer to him that in a yacht supposed to spend so much time abroad not a foreign chart could be found. He went back to the cockpit, taking the papers from his pocket and waving them at Amos and Jane.

"She's Brett Hallam's boat all right," he called. "I've found the papers."

Amos nodded and began laying a couple of fenders in position on the Mirelda's quarter. He took up the end of the towing line and quickly revved it through a block.

No sign of trouble

Jerry took Windfall's tiller and steered her bow clear of the barge's rudder as Amos slowly drew her alongside the quarter. Jerry lashed the tiller, climbed over the rail on to the Mirelda's deck, and handed the papers to Amos. Jane watched him from the wheel.

"What's she like?" she asked Jerry, eyeing Windfall.

"Very nice," he said. "She's really a motor-sailer. Got a powerful engine. Plainly fitted out below but comfortable. No sign of trouble."

Amos looked up from his examination of the papers.

"That's final enough," was his

thoughtful comment. "Though what could have happened to Hallam is a mystery."

"Well, there's nothing to give us a clue in the cabin," Jerry said. "The only thing I thought a bit queer were the charts. They all cover British waters. You said he sailed abroad a lot, yet I couldn't find one foreign chart."

Amos shook his head slowly.

"I can't see that tells us much," he said. "Just means he hasn't been abroad lately."

"You said, skipper, he'd take on anything that paid off big," Jane put in suddenly. "Guess he could have got himself mixed up in some trouble so decided to disappear."

"How did he get away then?" Jerry pointed out. "Windfall's still got her dinghy. He'd hardly try swimming ashore."

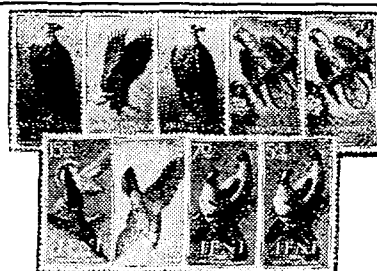
"No," Amos murmured. His expression grave. "I'm afraid Hallam must have been washed overboard in the storm last night."

Jerry ran his eye over the yacht again. The storm had not been all that bad and Hallam was an experienced yachtsman.

"Well," he said at length. "whatever happened and wherever he is, I just don't believe he's drowned."

To be continued next week

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INDIA hopes to send a team of young cricketers to England next summer. The side would spend two months on tour, meeting teams from the Minor Counties, the Universities, and possibly an M.C.C. eleven.

Umpire's caravan

With the end of the cricket season, the cream-and-red caravan of umpire Paul Gibb headed for his home in the Cheviot country. With this caravan he solves all his travelling and accommodation problems during the summer. It has rested in every County ground where he has umpired this past season, with the exception of Swansea, where there was not room. Next month Mr. Gibb goes to Cape Town as a cricket coach—but he will travel without his caravan.



Like father, like daughter

Eleven-year-old Jennifer Keen is a junior member of Croydon Harriers and already shows great promise as an athlete. Her father, Mr. George Keen, is coach to the club, and here we see him passing on some hints to his daughter.

ADVICE FROM BILLY WRIGHT

What are the greatest factors in achieving success at soccer? A C N sports correspondent put this question to Billy Wright, the Wolves and England skipper, who has played in 85 internationals—more than any other player in the game. This was his reply:

"Of all the many things any young footballer has got to learn, these two, I think, are of the greatest importance.

"The first is that only practice makes perfect. A footballer must learn to become master of the ball before he can hope to make any real headway—and constant practice is the only answer. There just isn't any 'short' cut. I know—I'm still at it, as much as ever.

"The second is that fighting fitness is vital. If a player is not fit, he shouldn't be out there on the field. I've always trained very hard to keep in trim, and this has had a lot to do with anything I've achieved in the game.

"Then I can't place too much importance on learning the arts and crafts of the game properly, and keeping right up-to-date with tactics and so on. When some lads reach the age of 18 or 19, they seem to think they have learned all there is to know about soccer.

A PARTY of English swimmers are starting this weekend on a trip that will make history. They are going to China, by way of Moscow, to engage in a series of matches in Peking, Shanghai, and Canton, under the auspices of the Amateur Swimming Association. Among those selected are Judy Grinham, Margaret Edwards, Christine Gosden, and Diana Wilkinson. They are almost certain to add to their laurels in the Far East.

MIKE TRACEY, a law student in Preston, flies from Lancashire to London each weekend to play for Corinthian Casuals. He joined this Isthmian League team last season while studying in the South.

SPORTS SHORTS

NEIL HARVEY is well known in this country as one of Australia's finest batsmen. Shortly we shall be seeing his brother Ron, for he will tour Britain this winter in the Australian Rugby Union team. A fast three-quarter, Ron Harvey has represented New South Wales both at Rugby and cricket, and he now becomes the third member of his family to play for Australia. The elder Harvey, Mervyn, has represented his country in Test cricket.

Pride of Blackheath

BLACKHEATH proudly boasts that it has England's oldest golf club (1608), hockey club (1851), and Rugby club (1858). To mark its centenary, Blackheath Rugby Club will next summer play a golf match against the Blackheath Golf Club, which will be celebrating its 350th year.

DURING the Royal visit to the United States next month, Prince Philip will attend a football match—American style. He is to kick-off in the game between the Universities of Maryland and North Carolina on October 16.

Full score

MORE than seven million enquiries for the score were made by telephone during the five Test Matches against the West Indies. This brought the G.P.O. £116,763 19s. 8d. Heaviest demand was during the Third Test at Nottingham, when there were 2,264,002 enquiries. There were only 639,328 calls for scores during the last Test, England having already won the rubber.

THREE sisters of Blyton, near Gainsborough, accomplished a remarkable feat in the Lincolnshire Lawn Tennis Championships. Eighteen-year-old Barbara Revill won the Girls' Junior Championship; sister Susan won the under-16 class; and sister Jennifer the under-14 class. Susan and Barbara also won the Girls' Doubles.

The girls' parents did not watch the matches: Barbara and Jennifer said this would make them feel nervous.

Visitor from the United States

The United States women's lacrosse team is touring the British Isles. They began with a match at Roedean School, Brighton, where the first lacrosse game played by an American women's team in Britain took place on September 7, 1935. Here we see a member of the present touring team.

Mary Letter.



2000 years of football

How old is football? The Rugby and soccer that we know had their beginnings in the first half of the 19th century, but Dr. Percy Young has traced the game back to 2000 years ago. He tells the whole story in a fascinating new book, *Football Through the Ages*, one of the excellent Outline series published by Methuen at 10s. 6d.

The ancient Chinese, for example, regularly held "snap-shooting" contests. Antiphanes, a Greek writer of the fourth century B.C., has a description of a game very similar to Rugby. The Romans played a game called *harpastum* which included backs, forwards, and a counterpart of the modern scrum-half.

Dr. Young quotes scores of authors and poets in providing evidence of the game's antiquity. There is even an entry in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer for Scotland in 1497: "the 22nd day of April, given to James Dog (a Court servant) to buy football for the King . . . 2 shillings."

Specially written for young readers, and well illustrated, *Football Through the Ages* makes a fine reference book. It should have a place in all school libraries.

C N Competition Corner

WIN A PORTABLE RADIO!

How exciting to have your own all-dry-battery, portable radio to use whenever and wherever you please! Well, the set shown at the side—an Ever Ready "Sky Baby"—is waiting to be won here, and you could be the winner; it is the first prize in

this fascinating colouring competition, which is open to all readers under 17 living in Great Britain, N. Ireland, and the Channel Islands.

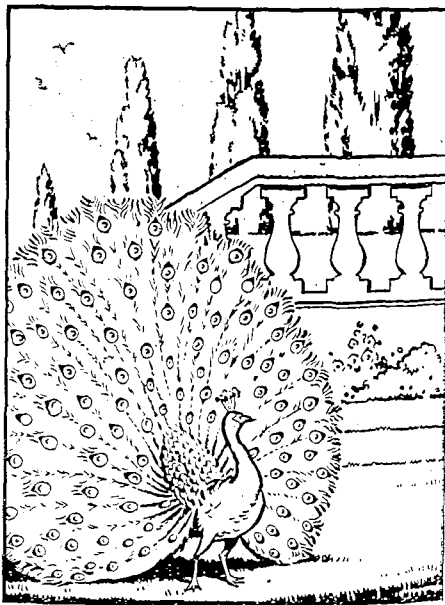
To enter, first cut out this picture and coupon together, and paste them on a postcard. When quite dry, use water paints or crayons to colour the picture as attractively as you can.

Fill in your name, age, and address on the coupon, ask an adult to sign it as your own work, then post to:

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(Comp.).

to arrive not later than Tuesday, October 1, the closing date.

The prize radio set will be awarded for the best colouring received, with full allowance made for age; surprise consolation awards for the ten next best. The Editor's decision is final.



This colouring is entirely my own work

Full Name.....Age.....
Your Address.....
Parent's/Guardian's Signature.....

CUT OUT ROUND THIS LINE

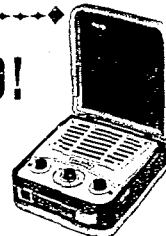


Training aid

A new training device called *picas* has been adopted by Watford, Third Division (South) soccer club. Invented by a Spanish Army officer, it consists of two adjustable rods attached to ball-bearing swivels. Here we see Les Graham, the Watford captain, exercising on the device.

Two of England's best-known fast bowlers will spend the winter in Australia. Frank Tyson of Northants is to be married at Melbourne in November, and Alan Moss of Middlesex will act as his best man.

RAY BOOTY of Nottingham recently won the British 12-hour road cycling championship for the fourth year in succession. He covered the record distance of 266.1 miles.



LIVERPOOL PRIDE

Tale of 750 years

The story of the great port of Liverpool, which has been celebrating her 750th anniversary this year is well told as a series of episodes in a new book called *Look to the West*, by Kathleen Fidler (Lutterworth Press, 12s. 6d.).

The author begins with a tale of a Saxon boy and girl at the time when the travelling compilers of Domesday Book found little to interest them in what was then merely a group of mud huts round a pool flowing into the Mersey. Another fictional boy brings to life the creation of a seaport here by King John in 1207. But when the author takes us on to 1361, she no longer has the same need of conjecture to aid fact. We seem to walk fearfully in the rubbish-strewn streets of the thriving little port when the Black Death reached it, and to stand at the elbow of the gallant mayor during his efforts to fight the scourge.

It was another gallant mayor, Robert Corbett, who came to the town's rescue 200 years later, when a great storm washed away the harbour wall, and it seemed that Liverpool must cease to exist as a seaport. Robert Corbett called the townsfolk to a meeting in the thatched town hall, and urged everyone to contribute money and labour to the formidable task of building a new harbour. How they rallied to his leadership is a fine example of the old proverb that "God helps those who help themselves."

INDEPENDENT SPIRIT

When their new harbour was opened, Liverpool folk again showed their independent spirit. Soldiers on the way to Ireland started fighting among themselves in the town, then turned on the citizens, abusing them and smashing their windows. In a body the householders assembled with clubs and pitchforks under Mayor Robert Corbett, and a swaggering captain was obliged to say, humbly, "Mr. Mayor, I beg you to overlook the quarrels of the soldiers, and their foolish behaviour"—a request only granted when the captain promised that such disorders should not take place again.

Stern trials, however, lay

ahead and during the Civil War the town was besieged three times; first the Roundheads captured it, then the Royalists under Prince Rupert took it after a grim struggle, and finally it was recaptured by the Parliamentary forces.

Those dark and difficult times were forgotten during the next century when Liverpool adventurers made fortunes as Privateers during the wars with France. The Privateers were allowed to arm merchant ships and attack French shipping, keeping and selling their "prizes." Kathleen Fidler has some colourful tales to tell of these sailors of fortune, and then takes us on to a gloomier picture; the City's share in the horrible slave trade. But Liverpool can take pride in the fact that two of her merchants, William Rathbone and William Roscoe, played a leading part in abolishing it.

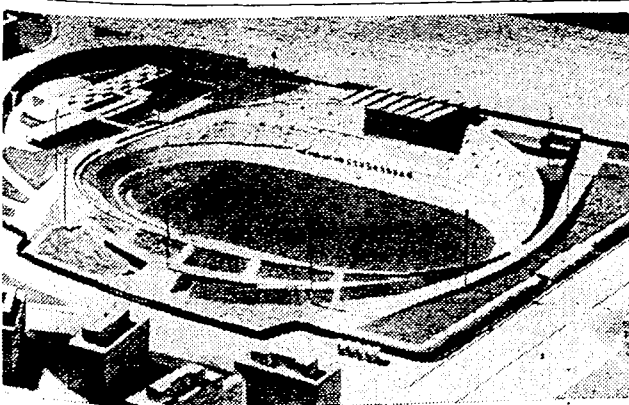
PRESS GANGS

Strife came to Liverpool again with the Press Gangs. As we should expect, Liverpudlians did not submit meekly to this cruel and haphazard way of finding men for His Majesty's ships, and there was much skirmishing in the cobbled streets when the citizens resisted the men who tried to carry off friend and neighbour.

The coming of the railway and steamboats may be said to mark the beginning of modern Liverpool—when the first steamer came up the Mersey people thought the vessel was on fire and boats put out to rescue the crew.

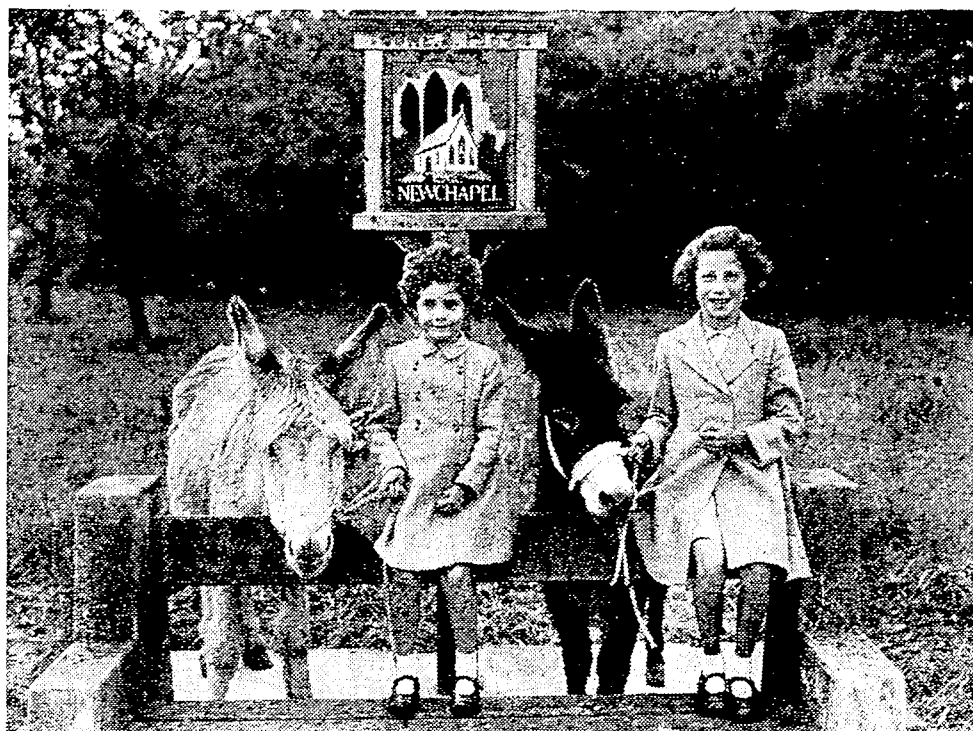
Finally, Kathleen Fidler tells the inspiring story of one of Liverpool's greatest ordeals; the bombing in the Second World War, which killed over 4000 people and destroyed 10,000 homes. Typical of many stories of calm courage is that of some choirboys who took refuge in the basement of their church.

When asked how they passed the time there, one replied in a matter-of-fact voice: "Oh, we carried on with the choir practice."



For the 1960 Olympic Games

This is a model of the stadium which is to be built in Rome for the 1960 Olympic Games cycling events. In the centre of the track is a football field.



Portrait of four friends

Mary and Carol Francis are regular visitors to Cherry Tree Farm at Newchapel, the home for retired horses and donkeys near Lingfield, Surrey.

LOOKING AT THE SKY

STARS OF THE BRIGHT NORTHERN CROSS

THE "Northern Cross" is now nearly overhead, and its multitude of bright stars may be easily identified from the star-map. There, the arrangement in the form of a Latin Cross will be obvious.

The brightest stars of the constellation of Cygnus, the Swan, this group has been known since early Christian times as the "Cross of Calvary." Nowadays Arided, Gamma, Albireo, Epsilon, Eta, and Delta are regarded as the Northern Cross as distinct from the Southern Cross, a constellation which was named a few centuries ago from some of the stars of the great constellation of Centaurus.

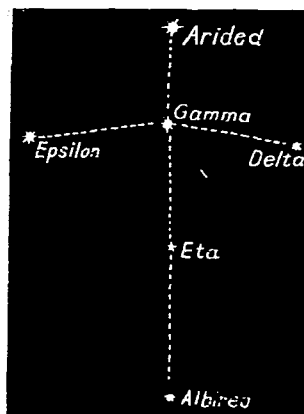
Brilliant Arided, also known as Alpha-in-Cygnus, appears almost as bright as Vega, which is seen to the right, or west, of the Cross if the observer faces south. Actually, Arided is very much brighter than Vega and is a sun of such colossal magnitude that it radiates about 10,000 times more light and heat than does our Sun, compared with Vega's 50 times more.

WHIRLING FIRE MIST

Arided is a very different type of sun to Vega and in a much earlier stage of stellar evolution, being, in fact, a colossal and rapidly rotating mass of whirling fire mist at almost the greatest degree of heat known. It has therefore a claim to be regarded as one of the biggest suns in the Heavens; but it is about 41,200,000 times farther away than our Sun and its light takes something like 651 years to reach us. The light from Vega takes but 27 years,

which accounts for its greater apparent brilliance.

Albireo, or Beta-in-Cygnus as it is now generally known, is situated at the foot of the Cross. Albireo has represented the two Feet of Christ for close upon 2000 years; and when the newly-invented telescope, some three centuries ago, was turned upon Albireo it was actually found to be composed of two stars.



The stars of the Northern Cross

These stars of Albireo can be seen in even a small astronomical telescope. One is of third magnitude and is a giant sun of a bright golden hue about 1000 light-years distant; the other, a much smaller sun of a rich azure tint, is about 5.3 magnitude and about 350 light-years distant from us. They appear so close, though being seen in the same line-of-sight.

Gamma-in-Cygnus is another great sun of such brilliance and immensity that it radiates about

1600 times more light and heat than does our Sun, but its light takes about 405 years to reach us.

Delta-in-Cygnus is about 86 light-years' journey distant, and radiates about 40 times more light than our Sun and is about twice the diameter. It is similar both in size and type to Sirius, and like Sirius is known to have a great flaming world which revolves round the still greater central sun once in 321 years.

Epsilon-in-Cygnus is about 78 light-years distant and radiates about 40 times more light and heat than our Sun. The fainter Eta-in-Cygnus is actually a much bigger sun but is 204 light-years distant.

GRAND SETTING

These few bright stars which present the form of the Northern Cross can be seen on any clear and dark starlit night to be projected against the luminous radiance of the Milky Way. The glory of this region will be revealed much better if glasses are used to peer into those superb depths. For there are many millions of suns in that vast beyond, and it is the light from these stellar hosts (which has been many thousands of years reaching us) which provides such a grand setting for the Northern Cross.

G. F. M.

SIGNATURE TO REMEMBER

When 30 apprentices signed on at a Rotherham steelworks each was given a copy of the agreement and the pen with which he signed it.

HOW TO DO IT

Billy: "What did you do when your ship sank?"
 Old Salt: "I grabbed a bar of soap, and washed myself ashore."

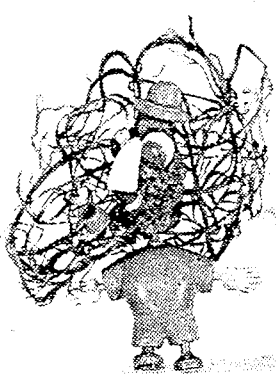
SPOT THE . . .

Not so far beneath the hazels and perhaps you will discover the liners. Should a shell be split into two symmetrical halves, look for shreds of skin. If you find them it will show squirrels have been enjoying a meal. The squirrel is a dainty feeder, carefully removing the skin before eating a nut. Absence of skin shreds probably means a member of the finch family has been feasting.

The long-tailed field mouse bores a neat oval hole, through which he extracts the nut's kernel.

The dormouse makes the neatest of round holes in his nuts. Jagged holes are usually made by birds.

Potato Pete



This amusing little doll was made by a C.N. reader, Marilyn Light, who lives at Sundridge, Kent. An old potato with long shoots forms the face and hair; the other parts are of plastic.

LITERARY NAMES

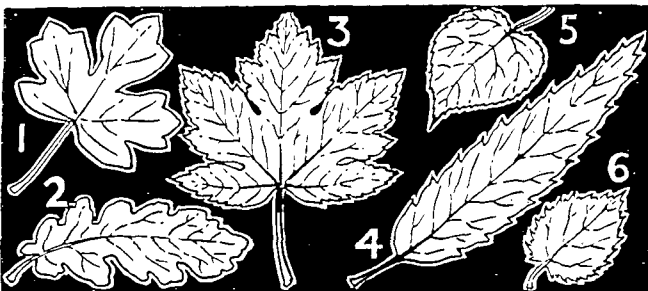
Six giants of literature are given here, but in each case the second Christian name is missing. Can you say what they are?

ROBERT	STEVENSON
HARRIET	STOWE
ELIZABETH	GASKELL
THOMAS	MACAULAY
ELIZABETH	BROWNING
ALGERNON	SWINBURNE

PROBLEM OF NUTS

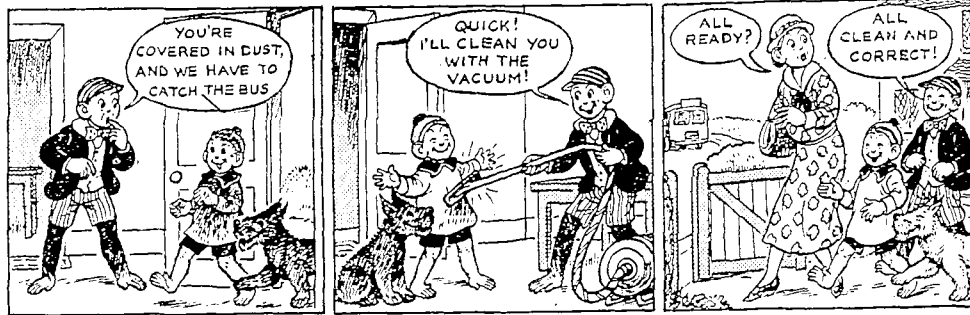
"Give me six of your nuts," cried greedy Bess.
 "Then I'll have twice the number you possess."
 "No, give me six of yours," replied small Sue.
 "Then I will have the same amount as you."
 How many nuts have the girls?

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE?



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JACKO MAKES A CLEAN JOB IN QUICK TIME



BEDTIME TALE

IN THE WORLD OF WASPS

"It isn't much fun being a worker wasp," grumbled Yellow Stripe to Black Stripe as they scraped wood from the fence post with their sharp jaws. "It is all very well for the Queen, just sitting in the nest laying eggs. I don't think it's at all fair!"

"It is," said Black Stripe. "She worked like this at first to make the first walls of the nest from chewed wood pulp, too. But things will be better soon."

They flew back then to the nest in the grass bank, and went on building more cells where the Queen could lay her eggs.

When these hatched into grubs they had to be fed, and Yellow Stripe grumbled again. "Things aren't getting better," he said, twiddling his feelers angrily. "Now we spend all day collecting nectar from the flowers for the grubs' sugar feed. It isn't fair."

"It is," said Black Stripe. "The Queen collected nectar to feed us when we were grubs. Those we are feeding will hatch into workers

to help us build and collect nectar. Then things will be much better."

So off went Yellow Stripe more contentedly. But soon he was grumbling again.

"I wish I could stay feasting on those ripe greengages in the orchard," he said. "But the Queen keeps on demanding more and more sugar for that last lot of grubs. It isn't fair."

"I tell you it is," said Black Stripe, buzzing quite angrily. "Those grubs will turn into new kings and queens. Without new queens there would be no new nests next year. But things really will be better presently."

So, rather bad-temperedly, Yellow Stripe went on collecting sugary fruit juice, until one day he found that Black Stripe had indeed spoken truly. The new queens and kings had hatched out and flown from the nest, and the workers could feast as much as they liked.

JANE THORNICROFT

CATCH QUESTION

WHAT is the difference between a champion athlete and a doctor taking someone's pulse?

WHAT AM I?

My first's in America, we are off on a trip.
 My second's in boat but not in ship.
 My third's in must but not in flag.
 My fourth's in passport, tucked in your bag.
 My fifth's in cabin, with bunks complete.
 My sixth's in stewardess, pretty and neat.
 My seventh's in sea over which we glide.
 My whole is carried by ships as a guide.

ADD THE ENDS

Can you add the word missing at the end of each line? Each word has four letters, the last three being the same in every case.

The handle of my fork was
 In my saucepan was a
 From my landlord down in
 Came a bill for two weeks'
 So to a friend I quickly
 To ask for money I had
 He got my note, and swiftly
 So now I'm living in a

The answers to these puzzles are given in column 5

GOOD ADVICE

SAID a sensible cyclist from Castor,

"Of course, I could ride a lot faster.

But I'd rather proceed

At a moderate speed,

Than go scorching along to disaster."

DISMOUNTED

TOMMY: "Where have you been, Billy?"

Billy: "Out riding."

Tommy: "Horse-back?"

Billy: "Yes—an hour before I was."

OTHER WORLDS

In the evening Venus and Saturn are low in the south-west. No planets are visible in the morning. The picture shows the Moon as it will appear at six o'clock on Thursday morning.



September 19.

LITTLE MISS WILLIAMS AT PLAY

LITTLE Miss Williams went to the Park to play

Every morning of every day.

That is what she loved best to do. When she was little and her years were few.

When she was five it was decreed Little Miss Williams must learn to read;

So now it is only on Saturday Little Miss Williams goes to the Park to play. "Moose"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Literary names. Louis, Beecher, Cloghlin, Babington, Barrett, Charles.
 Problem of Nuts. Bess 42, Sue 30

Answers in rhyme. Clock. flock. Hump. jump. Gun, bun. Book. cook.
 Different meanings. Sleepers, hail, pulse, fast, ounce, ring.

Tree leaves. 1 Maple, 2 Oak, 3 Sycamore, 4 Sweet chestnut, 5 Lime, 6 Birch

Catch question. LAST WEEK'S ANSWER
 One beats the records and the other records the beats

What am I? Com-
 pass
 Add the ends. Bent,
 dent. Kent, rent,
 sent, lent, went,
 tent

JUST A FEW WORDS

1. A. A prodigy is any person or thing that causes great wonder. The word is often applied to a child showing early genius. (From Latin *prodigium*, a prophetic sign)
2. B. Myopic means short-sighted. (From Greek *myein*, to close, and *ops*, eye)
3. C. Recalcitrant means obstinate in opposition; rebelling against authority. (From Latin *recalcitrare*, to kick back)
4. B. Oblivion is forgetfulness; rapt in awareness. (From Latin *oblivionem*)
5. C. To ruminate is to chew the cud, as an animal does; to meditate. (From Latin *ruminare*—rumen, the gullet)
6. A. Somnolent means sleepy. (From Latin *sonnus*, sleep)



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